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THE DEVIL TURN'D LIMNER:

OR

A Celebrated Villain drawn to the Life.

WITH A

SATYR againſt Loyalty,

Suppos'd to be ſpoken

By *BRADSHAW*'s Ghoſt to the

Obſervator and Legion.

——— *Tuis te pingam coloribus.*
Id eſt, *Talem te ſcribam, qualis es.* Eraſ. Adag.

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THE EPISTLE TO THE READER.

Loyal Reader,

BY *a Letter lately written by* Hugh Peters, *to the Reverend* D. B. *we received the following News from Hell,* viz. That old Doctor *F----n*, being lately marry'd to *Betty Sands*, he had furnisht her a very fine House from top to bottom, and had adorn'd it with the most curious Pieces of *Michael Angelo's*, *Ruben's*, *Van Dyke's*, *Dusart's*, and old *Hemskirk's* Drawings; but not thinking his Collection complete enough, it was his fancy to have a Set of Villains drawn to the Life; accordingly this old Fornicator (who never, on t'other side the Grave, lay with a Whore without a Bible in his Pocket) was at the charge of having Judge *Tresilian*, bloody *Bonner*, *Guido Faux*, *William Pryn*, *Garnet*, *James Naylor* the Quaker, *Venner* the Wine Cooper, *Ireton*, old *Tony*, Aldermen *Andrews*, pretended Mayor of *London*, with *Stephen Colledge*, fit for their Pictures; which being finisht, and wanting the Twelfth to make up a Dozen, all the grand Villains of our Infernal Nation were brought for *F----n* to take his choice of them, but his in-

comparable Judgment of Villany not deeming any of them to expert a Villain as the *Obſervator*, he got a Grant of *Pluto* to ſend an induſtrious Devil to the upper World, to draw *Jack T---n* to the Life; which Degradation of the Celebrated Rogues in Hell, ſo highly Incenſed that Heroick Miſcreant who Beheaded our Sovereign, that he could not forbear Railing againſt the *Obſervator* for an hour or two, telling *F---n* his whole Pedigree; which to you, as a Friend, I ſhall diſcover at large, but pray keep it ſecret, becauſe it may otherwiſe make our Party look more odious than they are, for employing ſuch a baſe-born, ſcurrilous, fooliſh, pitiful, beggarly, knaviſh, raſcally Scoundrel in their Cauſe; but a word to the wiſe is enough, and therefore take the Relation of his Life as follows.

J---n T---n *was Born in the North of* England, *but in what part he will not declare, for fear any body ſhould make an enquiry whether his Father and Mother were Marry'd but tho' he conceals the place of his Birth, yet we are very credibly inform'd, that they took one another's Word, and were under ſuch Straits of Poverty, that they could give him no other Education than what the Charity of a Free-School afforded, and the higheſt Literature he there gained was not above the* Pſalter; *wherefore we may juſtly ſuppoſe the Report not to be falſe, that ſays,* The *Obſervator* is hatcht by a Factious Club, who can juſt make a ſhift to ſpell true *Engliſh*, and out of ambition of being reckoned an Author, this Villain fathers the Spurious Brat for the ſmall profit of the Copy Money, *to keep himſelf, his dirty Drab, and three or four unlucky Bantlings from ſtarving. But after his being expell'd the Free-School, for his roguiſh Tricks of playing often the Truant, and pilfering his poor School-fellows Books, he roved up and down the Countries, and near* Chudleigh *in* Devonſhire *got to drive Hogs for the Country People from Market to Market; where committing ſome petty Thefts, he was whipt at the Carts Arſe through* Exeter: *But how he had like to have been*

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ſerv'd in the Weſt of England, *for being took among the Rebels there in the late Rebellion is ſo well known, that I need not repeat it again.*

As for his Religion he is one of us, becauſe his Father and Mother were ſo, as he ſays himſelf in one of his late Obſervators, *in which this* impudent Dog in a Doublet, *who's a* pritty Fellow to make the Devil a Poppit, *ſooths the Queen mightily, in hopes her Majeſty will take in good part his ſcurrilous Reflections on her Royal Father and Grandfather: which Impudence of his makes the Loyal Party wonder with what Spirit he is endued withal, that can baſely Libel a Man that is ſain; thinking if he was Heavenly, then would he condole his Diſaſters, and drop ſome tears in pity of his Afflictions; if but Humane, think Nature would never give him a Mind ſo cruel, as to add Weight to an over-charg'd Beam. However ſo Inhuman and Diabolical is his Spite and Malice, that he glories in the Blaſting of Crowned Heads in their Graves, and takes as much pride in it, as he does to caſt Indignity on the Reverend Aſhes of Archbiſhop* Laud.

At laſt this celebrated Killain being forced to fly for his Roguery from ſeveral Counties, he came up to Town here to ſettle, where he lived very Miſerable, and thinking to mend his low Condition, he Married an old Cook Maid from a Merchants in London, *whom he thought had a great deal of Money by her, but having with her only a* Whitechappel *Portion, he was ſtill but* leapt out of the Frying Pan into the Fire, *and a charge coming on, he and his Doxy went a Cruiſing about the Country, till being took up for a Vagabond at* Truebridge *in* Wiltſhire, *he was there Flaug'd at the Whipping Poſt, and Paſs'd up here again, as the place of his laſt Abode; and being ſtill in a very wretched State of Poverty, he left his Wife with a Child to the care of the Pariſh, and went to ſhift for himſelf: At length he got into acquaintance with one* M——y, *who was a hanger on* Fuller, *and with him* T——n *got to lie, being deſtitute of Lodging, at a* Coffin-makers *in the* Great

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Old Baily, *where spoiling the Peoples Bed with Vermin, they were forced to turn their lousie Lodger out of Doors; then he addres's'd himself to the Phanaticks, who finding him by his Villany to be a fit Tool for their Turn, cloathed him, and put him in a way to live, by maintaining their inglorious Cause: Upon this success he returns to his Wife, but yet obliged to live* incognito, *for fear his Creditors should come too thick upon him; however that he might look them in the face without danger, he went for Sanctuary to the* Mint, *where he is supported by the Factious to write that Libel the* Observator; *and tho' he does not write it, yet he will own himself the Author of it, to shew his courage is as great to suffer for what he does not do, as* De F——'s, *who own'd himself (out of ambition to be reckoned an Author too) the writer of* the Shortest Way with the Dissenters.

The greatest Talent which T——n *(who got his Wife's Sister with Child, when she lay in once) is endu'd with, is Impudence, or else he would never have presumed to banter her Majesties Proclamation issued out to bring him to Justice, for spreading his scurrilous Papers about, and to go on with 'em still;* but give him Rope enough and he'll hang himself at last, *or at least, a Goal, a good heavy* Fine, *and Pillory will be his Doom at long run; for* the Pitcher never goes so often to the Well, but it comes home broke at last. *And no doubt but those Hell-hounds who imploy him to Rail against the Government,* will sneak their Necks out of the Halter, *when he comes to his last Shift. Likewise, for all his great bouncing, (when he lately absconded from Justice) of* what Tribulations he durst undergo for his Party, to be a Regist'red Hero in their black List of Villains, and could willingly die in their Defence, that *Partridge* might have another Phanatick Martyr to insert in his next Almanack; *yet would this despicable Fellow be glad to survive the possibility of that Glory, when he came under the Hangman's Clutches, and cry* peccavi *for his Saucineſs. So let him go on in his Show, for he*

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nor his Party muſt never aim to aſpire to Places of Eminency and Truſt in this Realm, whilſt this Queen (the Nurſing Mother of our true Religion, and Defender of the Catholick Faith) *Reigns; for her Royal Wiſdom makes choice only of ſuch Perſons for Offices of Church and State, whoſe Religion ſhall never have cauſe to fear*, that either their Pleaſure, their Honour, or their Profit, ſhall gain ſo much upon their Affections, as to become her Rival.

When F——don *heard this true Character of* T----n, *he was the more ambitious of having the Rogue's Effigies; and accordingly the Diabolical Limner fled inſtantly to the* Mint, *where finding him in a little Bawdy-houſe by* Tumble-Down Dicks, *delivering an Oration in a hypocritical, whining, canting Tone, to ſome Wives of the Members of the* Calves-head Club, *in praiſe of carnal Copulation, he told him his Buſineſs; which* Nob *looking upon as a great Honour, to be ſo noted among the Infernal Inhabitants, he went by ſtealth with him to* Newington Butts, *and under the Tragical Stage, on which many an honeſter Man than himſelf has been hang'd, ſat till the Devil drew him at his full length to the Life. The Fame of which Picture made ſuch a noiſe in Hell, that many days the greateſt Villains in our Torrid World, rid Day and Night from all Parts to ſee it; being ſo mightily taken with it, that they ſwore*, Rake Hell and ſcum the Devil, ſuch another Villain was not to be found among 'em. *A Copy whereof (which is nothing to be compar'd with the Original) I have here ſent as a Preſent to all thoſe that have a mind to view the excellent Stroaks of the Artiſt which drew him.*

This is the Contents of the Letter, as near as I can remember; and as for how well the Copy is done, we may ſoon ſee by comparing it with the living one on Earth.

THE

The Epistle to the Reader.

THE

DEVIL

TURN'D

LIMNER:

OR

The *Observator* drawn to the Life, &c.

THE *Observator* is a Creature in whose Face you may easily espy the celebrated Marks and Signatures of Villany. One that rails at the Establish'd Church of *England*, because the *Penal Laws* still in force against Tolerated Churches are not put in Execution. The elder he grows, he is a Stair lower from Heaven, and so much nearer Hell. One that will teach Sedition at any Peril whatever. One that makes no more Conscience of Schism, than of not paying his Debts; and would no otherwise be distinguished from a Loyal Subject, than by Anarchy and Confusion. One that would come to Promotion by the Pillory, and thinks himself not rightly advanced till he's Hang'd. One that will not see his Errors, or seeing them will not be perswaded to mend. He is always at leisure to be Factious, and will Emphatically rail against Monarchy, tho' he's as

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emphatically Threſht for it. One whoſe Head is of no great Depth, yet well furniſht with Raillery, when in Conjunction with the Members of the *Calves-Head Club*. He is the Spark that would kindle the Government, and the Bellows himſelf to blow it. One that would willingly take a Pilgrimage from the *Mint* to ſee *Charing-Croſs* demoliſht, and for joy would return back as drunk as he was on the *Sunday* Night that he was apprehended in *Southwark*. One that dares not enter on a ſerious Thought, for fear Conſcience ſhould fly in his Face, and tell him he ſtrikes fair for *Tyburn*. He's a meer Compoſition of Negatives, for we cannot call him a wiſe Man, becauſe he's a Fool; nor an honeſt Man, becauſe he's a Kn——e. His Religion is occaſionally any, *i. e.* none; and never goes to a Meeting-Houſe but of purpoſe to ſleep in it. One that would make a bad Martyr, but a good Traveller, becauſe his Conſcience is ſo large he could never wander out of it; and in *Conſtantinople* would be Circumciſed, with a Reſervation. One that breaths not his Diſcontents againſt our Honourable Repreſentatives, in private, but in ſpite of the Law will ſpread his infectious Papers abroad. His Diſcourſe is all Poſitions, and definitive Decrees, with *thus it muſt be*, and *thus it is*, yet will not humble his Authority to prove it. One that has an excellent Humour for a Traytor, and applauds no Name ſo much as *Rebel*. One whoſe dull Wit beſt ſutes his Parties Principles; and a ſtrange Piece of Politician, that would manage the State of himſelf. One whoſe over-acted Diſſimulation diſcovers his Villany; wherefore honeſt Men do with him as they would with *Hebrew* Letters, ſpell him backwards, and ſo read him. He's the Murderer of honeſt Mens Reputation, and knows no more of Irregularities committed in the *Navy* and *Victualling Offices*, (unleſs by himſelf, for which he was diſcarded) than *Fuller* did *Jones* and *Witherington*; for want of which unborn Evidence, the Honourable Houſe of *Commons* Voted him the ſecond time an *Incorrigible Rogue*. One, who amongſt other of his Shipwracks, has happily loſt Shame, and this want ſupplies him. One who puts his Brain to more uſe than you think, for his Life is a daily Invention, and each Meal a new Stratagem. He looks on the *Common-Prayer* Book with a ſurly Countenance, and then ſwears it was Compiled by the Whore of *Babylon*. He's a noted Enemy to Virtue, but yet a great Stickler for the *Reformation of Manners*. One that goes

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drunk to Bed every Night, becauſe he would not ſay his Prayers. One who cozens his Factious Party in a fair manner; and they with as great Reſpect will abuſe him, when once he takes the *Checquer-Inn* in *Newgate-ſtreet*. One who takes the greateſt Pain in Hunger, except a broken Head ſometimes for his Impudence. One who is mingled with the Vices of the Age, as the Faſhion and Cuſtom with which he longs to be acquainted; and ſins daily to better his Underſtanding. His moſt extraordinary Qualifications are *Billingsgate* and Lying, and charging Men with ſhrewd Aſperſions; and Scandalizing thoſe whom the Queen is pleaſed to make her Favourites. He's one that has nothing to do with his Buſineſs, and yet no Tool buſier than he to be miſerable. One who looks o're the former part of his Life as a Danger well paſt, and yet cannot forbear nibling at the *Gallows* agen; without Petitioning for it as he did once.

He's one that commends no Man that loves not Rebellion as well as himſelf; and will perpetrate any Villany without being dar'd to it. One that does nothing without his W——e, with whom he's often Billing in Conſpiracy, and the wantoner ſhe is, the more Power ſhe has over him. One who laughs at his Sins, and is extremely tickled with the Remembrance of them. One envenomed with active Envy, wherewith he gnawes not fooliſhly himſelf, but throws it abroad to Bliſter others. One whoſe Seditious Actions ſtill put a Leg before his Judgment, and out-run it. One who's a Child at Man's Eſtate, and whoſe Brain is ſooner quencht, than his Thirſt. One that makes himſelf with a great deal of endeavour Ridiculous, and whoſe deepeſt Endearment is a Communication of Miſchief. One that denies God as far as the Law gives him leave, and has the unparallel'd Impudence to call our pious Clergy *Knaves in black Coats*; Reverend Judges *Knaves in ſcarlet Robes*; other Lawyers *Knaves in long Robes*; Military Officers *Knaves in red Coats*; Marine Officers *Knaves in blue Coats*; and thoſe who had Employments under the late K. *W.* (on whom he made a Poem call'd the *Foreigners*) *Knaves in Turn'd Coats*, becauſe they ſerve with true Allegiance the Queen. He's one who would be wholly a Chriſtian, but that he is ſomething of an Atheiſt, and wholly an Atheiſt, but that he is partly a Chriſtian; and a perfect Heretick, but that there are ſo many to diſtract him: So that at moſt he's only a confuſed and wild Chriſtian, not ſpecializ'd by

any Form, but capable of all. He's indifferent in matters of Conſcience, and ask him his Opinion, you ſhall hear nothing but his Faction. He meaſures the happineſs of the Nation by the Bill againſt *Occaſional Conformity* not paſſing; and domineers over *Epiſcopacy*, when at the *Calves-Head* Feaſt. He's one that's ſoon baffled in his Arguments, and then flies for Sanctuary to more *Billingſgate* Nonſenſe. He's one that would make all others more Fools than himſelf and his Party, but his Villany is ſo detected, that no body gives Ear to what he ſays. He's a well digeſted Bundle of ſcurrilous Reflections; and eſteems it a baſe thing to be ſubmitting to the Laws of God and Man; therefore he rails at the Statutes, and breaks all good Orders. One who thinks Loyalty in the Fanaticks Dictionary, ſignifies juſt as much as to be a Slave to Arbitrary Power; and ſwears there were no Times ſo good as *Forty one* and *Forty eight*. He has only ſo much of Chriſtianity as may ſave his credit among his Party in this World, tho' perhaps not his Soul in the other; and would fall down and Worſhip the Image of a *Nero*, nay of a Devil, rather than want the ſingle Penny that bears it. He's one who'll not be convinced of the Truth of the Apoſtle's Propoſition, that *Godlineſs is great Gain*, except you will grant him that this is a Logical Converſion, and not to be queſtioned that *Great Gain is Godlineſs*. He's ſo far from putting in practice that good and wholſom Advice, *to be careful in nothing, but in every thing to give thanks*, that he dares never read the Text but backwards, *Give thanks for nothing, but in every thing be careful*. He's one that endeavours to out wit an All-wiſe God, and to go about to put Fallacies upon him out of his own Word, often making even God's moſt Righteous Precepts the Topicks of his Diſobedience to Monarchy; neither will he take up *his Croſs and follow Chriſt*, leaſt he ſhould become *Felo de ſe*, acceſſary to his own Death. He's one who when he hears of an *eternal Sabbath of Reſt*, for all thoſe that go to Heaven, is *almoſt perſwaded to become a Chriſtian*; yet he is in a *great Straight betwixt two*; for tho' he loves his *Reſt* too well, yet he hates the very Name of *Sabbath* much more, eſpecially when he hears Saint *John* telling him, that *the Angels and glorified Saints never ceaſe day nor night from praiſing God*. He's of the nature of the *Polypus*, which is ſaid to be always of the ſame colour with the neighbouring Object, wherefore he is not properly one, but any body; of the Religion,

gion, and the Humour, and the Faſhion of his villanous Party, as near as his own Weakneſs will permit him to imitate them. He's one who fanſies himſelf endow'd with ſuch a Transfigurative Excellency, that (as the *Philoſophers Stone*, once found, ſhould turn all things it toucht into Gold) he ſuppoſes it able to turn all Men into as great Rebels as himſelf.

He's one whoſe fortunate ſucceſs in Sins, makes him only repent that he practiſed them no ſooner; and holds Hypocriſie is the only enriching Commodity now ſtirring. His furious Zeal is agen for ſhaking Eſtabliſhed Kingdoms, degrading Royal Palaces into Receſſes of Murtherers, and converting God's Houſe of Prayer, into a Den of Thieves. His Prayers (if ever he ſays any) is for changing the Throne into a Scaffold, a Royal Court into a Slaughter-houſe, and exalting the ignoble Shrub into the place of the heavenly Cedar. His Diabolical Wiſhes are, that his Party may once more rent the Veil of our Temple in twain, render our Churches as poor as the Beggars which uſually attend their Gates; make the Altar it ſelf a ſacrilegious Sacrifice; make our Mountains reſemble *Calvary*, each Field an *Aceldama*; our Rivers, like thoſe of *Egypt*, convert into Blood; and the Church of *England* to expire with the loſs of another Martyr'd Head. His chief Aim is to ſee the part of *Forty eight* acted before he's hang'd, that he may feed his Eyes with the horrible Sight of beholding Graves rifled, Sepulchres deſpoiled, and Tombs ſtript and ruin'd, as if the deceaſed had been guilty of Ceremonies, becauſe they were adorn'd with an Eſcutcheon and Monument. He longs mightily to be dancing to the harſh Muſick of *Rocks* reſounding with the dying Groans of the wounded; Houſes ecchoing with Widows Sighs, and bereaved Parents Moans; and to be padling where every Pavement is flowing with the Tears of weeping Virgins, and diſtreſſed Orphans. He ſcorns to be honeſt, and is aſham'd of nothing ſo much as being thought good. His higheſt Ambition is to be a Favourite to the Devil; and eſteems it a great Honour to be counted the Arch-Villain of *Great Britain*. One whoſe unconſtancy of Mind ſhews his great Deſire of Novelty; and whoſe utmoſt endeavour is, that every one that hears him talk, may by what they hear, either gain a Vice, or loſe a Virtue. He's ſuch an Enemy to the Scripture, as to ſee her Proſtituted to every licentious

centious Phancy; and by an impudent Wreſting made the ſubject of every Atheiſtical Wit. He's one that would not fear Death, but that there's a Hell to follow it; and ſo abſolute a Stateſman, to call Rebellion Reformation, for fear of Poverty. One who holds it much more deſirable to die a Traytor, than live a Beggar; and makes his canting and ſuperficial Sanctity, with ſtrained Sighs and Groans, and turn'd up Eyes the Mask and Vizard for his Avarice, Ambition, and Intereſt.

He's one who would count his Country his God, if all Fanatical; till then Faction is Heaven, Peace Hell, and a Loyal Subject the Devil he hates. One that would ſooner turn *Jew*, than be reconciled to the Croſs; and abhors a Wedding Ring as bad as a Surplice. He's one to whom the love of Profit is as natural as Water to a Gooſe, or Carrion to any Kite that flies; and he's ſeldom deceived, becauſe he's in a condition to truſt no body. His jugdment flows not ſo much from Reaſon, as Paſſion and Partiality; and loves none but thoſe that do for him. One who holds them all Popiſh, who keep him not from ſtarving; and takes it for an Argument of much Honeſty, to rail bitterly againſt kingly Government. His Impudence is the Matter he moſt boaſts on, for the Vindication of his Parties Cauſe; and crys up *Democracy* for the beſt Government in the World. He's one that holds none in the true Faith, but thoſe that receive the Sacrament without Reverence, die without Repentance, Bury without Divine Service, and keep no Holydays. He's one that's a profeſt Enemy to Bear-baiting; and ſtops his Ears if you talk of a Play. He holds Fornication but a Paſtime, and Adultery a ſport wherein Man's Ability is approved, and a Womans Fertility diſcovered. He's one who applauds Theft, winks at Murther, laughs at Blaſphemy, and thinks it impoſſible to loſe the way to Heaven, if he rails againſt the Church of *England*. One who by his Sins has made means to be acquainted with Miſery. One who ſends out but one *Obſervator* in a Year, tho' thrice a Week; for the ſtuff is ſtill the ſame Faction, Schiſm, and Rebellion, only the Dreſſing a little altered. One whoſe Meditation ſtupifies him, and the more he is in Travel, the leſs he brings forth that's good for any thing. One who is nimble in the fancy of ſome ridiculous thing, and his Diſcourſe is commonly the Annals of his Parties Rebellion; and what good Government there was in the Days of old

Noll.

Noll. One that is Vain-glorious in the Oſtentation of his Villany; and takes care to have his Linen cleaner than his Skin, and his Skin cleaner than his Soul. One that is much diſpleaſed to ſee Men Loyal, and wonders what they can ſee in Majeſty to Reverence it. One whom Juſtice cannot fright; and likes a Halter the better becauſe it gathers him to his Factious Companions. He loves not his Country, becauſe it's Monarchical; and would long ſince have fled to *Geneva*, but for fear of their Severity, which puniſhes every renegado Rogue that flies there for Shelter, with the ſame puniſhment that the Laws of the State inflict upon them where their Crime was committed. One, that if he tells you he will do a thing, it is as much as if he ſwore he would not; and is proud of any Employment, tho' it be but to carry Commendations, which he will be ſure to deliver about Dinner time. He's a needy caſhir'd Fellow, whom the World has often flung off, yet ſtill claſps again; and is like one a drowning, faſtens upon any thing that's next at hand. He'll not wrong the Invitations of the *Calves-Head* Members, with his Abſence; and is the beſt Witneſs of their Hoſpitality. One whom all *Loyaliſts* ſhun as they wou'd do an Infection; and purſues all Vanities as the *Summum Bonum* of this Life.

One whoſe Friendſhip is never ſo ſtedfaſt, but that Luſt, Drink, or Anger overturns it; and if to day he offers you his Blood in kindneſs, he is ready to take yours to Morrow. He's one that will rail on ſome ſide, and for all his Oaken Towel, is often beaten when he need not. He's one that never throughly weighs any Buſineſs; but is forward only to ſhew his damn'd Zeal for a bad Cauſe. He's one that never chides a Man but for his Virtues, as, *you are too good, too honeſt, too Religious*; and is ſtrangely Ambitious to Match others, not by mounting their Worth, but by bringing them down with his Tongue to his own Baſeneſs. He's a terible Faſtner on a piece of Beef, and loves to hear Diſcourſes out of his Element. He's one that has loſt all good himſelf, and is loth to find it in another. He's one that is not two ſteps above a Fool, but a great many more below a wiſe Man; and the Dregs of his Wit only the Inſpiration of a Factious Spirit. One whoſe whole Actions of his Life are like ſo many things badg'd in without any natural Cadence or Connexion at all; and can liſten to a Seditious Lecture with an applauſive Attention. One who counts Falſhood and Diſſimulation the neareſt way to Preferment; and loves by no means to

go

go any other way about for't. One that is never more active in his Buſineſſes, than when they are mixt with ſome harm to others; and is leſs dangerous a Devil, than a Saint. He ſcorns all that are ſo ſilly to truſt him, and calls Treaſon a Buſineſs of great Conſequence. One that cannot be free from Villany, becauſe he has always occaſion to employ it; and having learnt all he can here, goes next to Hell (if poſſible) to learn more. One that has taken a Toy at the Faſhion of Religion; and is enamoured of the New-Fangle. One that extols Preaching above Praying; and thinks the Week Days Exerciſe far more edifying than the Sundays. He has a great Antipathy againſt the Organs; but ſomewhat reconciled to the Bells for the Chymes ſake, ſince they were reform'd to the Tune of a *Pſalm*. He overflows ſo with the Bible, that he ſpills it upon every occaſion; and will not cudgel the Church of *England* without it. He Expounds the Prieſts of *Baal* reading Miniſters; and thinks the Salvation of that Pariſh as deſperate as the *Turks*. One that hangs in the Balance of all Opinions, whereof not one but ſtirs him, and yet none ſways him. He likes not this Connexion of the Government, and Divinity; and fears it may be an Arch-Practice of State. He hates Regal Authority, as the Tyrant of Liberty; and you cannot anger him worſe, than in diſcommending the Zeal of *Amſterdam*. His Ignorance makes him run headlong into Hereſies; and you may ſooner pick all Religions out of him than one. His whoſe Life is a Queſtion, and his Salvation a greater, which Death only concludes, and then he'll be reſolv'd.

He's one who ſwears St. *Paul* was fee'd by *Nero* for writing in his Epiſtle to the *Romans*, *The Powers that be, are ordained of God; whoſoever therefore reſiſteth the Power, reſiſteth the Ordinance of God; and they that reſiſt, ſhall receive to themſelves Damnation*; or at leaſt it is not Canonical. One that makes a ſcorn of Scripture and Chriſtianity; and would fain overthrow all Religion and Conſcience. One that holds the Law of Nature requires no other Juſtice, than that it may go ill with the Good, and well with the Evil; taking his inference from *Jeremiah*'s Complaint of the wicked's Proſperity, ſaying, *Wherefore doth the wicked proſper?* One that holds a Subject (in all reſpects) has Power to Judge his Sovereign to Death, and make a new King when he pleaſes.

One

One who holds that to be the beſt Form of Government, which is moſt conformable to his Party's exorbitant Will. One that hates the Titles of *Rex*, *Imperator*, or *Dominus*, as Names which ſignifie a Propriety and Power of diſpoſing of, as well as ruling Perſons; and likes none but the Title of *Protector*, which is worſe, and has the moſt appearance of Arrogancy, and Arbitrary Power. One that would like our mixt Government very well, were not Lords and Gentlemen mixt with it; and that Tyranny in a Prince makes him uncapable of Ruling. One that holds Conqueſt as good a Title to the Government of a People as any; and that his Party has more right to diſpoſe of Crowns and Kingdoms than the Pope. One that holds *Mechanicks* the beſt Governors; and that the Fundamental Laws of the Land are not grounded on the Laws of God. One that ſays, a Prince has no Power over his People unleſs they pleaſe to give it him; and that it's better to limit a King, than let him have his own way. One that finds fault with Kings reigning by Succeſſion; and would fain have the Government elective, either *quam diu bene ſe geſſerint*, or for a ſhort Continuance by Rotation, in hopes of being a King himſelf, before old *Nick* has him. One that makes ſcurrilous Reflections on Members of the Lower Houſe of Parliament; and harbours as hard, ſcornful, and cenſorious Thoughts of the Peers. One that declares the principle Work of the State ſhould be to preſerve Trade, and not Religion, becauſe the one is a great deal more advantageous than the other. One that diſlikes the Prerogative of the Sovereign's keeping a Life-guard, becauſe it's chargable to the Nation; and that of having a Power to bind all Subjects in an Oath of Fidelity becauſe he and his Party are given more to Lying than Swearing, in that way. One that wonders People will ſuffer ſuch a thing as a King upon Earth; and longs to ſee Trains and Succeſſions of perfidious Treaſons hatch'd againſt all the Princes of Chriſtendom. One that holds Uſurpation no Sin; and lawful to reſiſt that Sovereign, whom he does but think to go beyond his Bounds. That all Sovereign Power is in the People, and not the crowned Head; but O! if he and his Factious Party once came to the Work of Law-making, and they muſt *rogare & abrogare*, *abrogare & ſubrogare*, and reſolve all as having the higheſt Power, what work ſhould we have? And what a curſed

Herd wou'd govern us. In ſum, he's one whoſe luke-warm Soul is ſo nauſeous to God, that he muſt at laſt ſpue him out into the bottomleſs Pit.

So T——n, *and your Country Bumpkin too,*
Two Rogues in grain, I bid you both adieu;
Hoping when Catch *has got you in his Snare,*
Your Oaken Towel muſt be changed there,
For one of Hemp; and that your dancing end
May all Men make to Loyalty a Friend,
It is the wiſh of thy ſworn Enemy,
Who underneath ſubſcribes himſelf,

R. B.

THE

THE PREFACE To the following POEM.

SEeing all the Toleration *in the World is not able to pacifie some restless Spirits, but they will still employ their mercenary Scriblers to defile the Press with intolerable Nonsense, against the Established Constitution of both Church and State; I thought it the Duty of a good Subject to discover the Villany which their two pretended Authors,* P——e *and* T——n *aim at, and all disguised too under the hypocritical Mask of a tender Conscience, and well meaning to the present Government; which they notoriously Hate and Abhor. How well or ill this* Poem *is perform'd, is left to the Censure of every good Loyalist, who (I'm sure) cannot find fault with the Design; the which, if it is not handled with that exquisite Skill as becomes a Son of* Apollo, *I have no Excuse for my Attempt, but ingeniously confessing, a confining my Muse to Smoothness (which jingling Cadences please most People in this Age, more than the Trophies of Wit) was the occasion of losing many a lofty Thought, and high Rant. As for my calling it* a Satyr against Loyalty, *I think it's fit to declare at this ticklish Time, twas never written to that intent, as appears by the foregoing Picture of a celebrated Villain, but to lash them whose wicked Principles tend only to Faction, Schism, and open Rebellion: which God avert, is the hearty and sincere Wish of him, who prays her most sacred Majesty Queen* ANN *may long wear the Crown, to the Terror and Confusion of all her Enemies at home and abroad.*

A SATYR *againſt* LOYALTY, *ſupppos'd to be ſpoken by* Bradſhaw's *Ghoſt to the* Obſervator *and* Legion.

BY all the Wrath of *Hell!* your brave Intent,
To glorious *Faction*, and *Rebellion* bent,
On the behalf of our *Infernal Cauſe*,
Merits *Eternal Credit* and *Applauſe*.
Renowned *T——n!* my beloved Friend,
Whoſe Lineage does from *Belzebub* Deſcend;
Brave *Pierce*, that new Acquaintance too of mine,
The chief of *Devils* which poſſeſt the *Swine*,
And to this very Day retains the *Name*
Of *Legion*; can *Diſloyalty* inflame ——T ——e ——P
Your Spirits to the height of Villany?
If ſo, ye are *Companions* fit for me.
Since *Crowned Heads* have into Faſhion came,
What *Plagues* have *Subjects* felt t' uphold their Fame?
Rapine and *Bloodſhed* has the World alarm'd;
Yet couchant Slaves with *Monarchy* are charm'd;
Nay, to be reckon'd *Loyal*, don't refuſe
Their Lives and Fortunes for a King to loſe;
Whilſt ſome ſurviving (their poor conquer'd *Head*)
In private ſneak about for *daily Bread*.
Confuſion ſeize on *Loyalty*, I ſay,
And all ſuch Fools as *Princes* will obey;
Give me the Soul that durſt *Sedition* ſow,
And no *Allegiance* to his *Monarch* owe:
For why ſhou'd *Man* to *mortal Sov'reignty*
Be ty'd, when they as well as *Kings* are free
From that *Obedience* which they fondly pay,
To *gawdy Crowns*; and ſtruggle to obey?
Alas! when *Satan* did in *Eden* ſhamn
Blind *Eve*, that ſhe her *Progeny* might damn,

Was

Was then that *Fopp'ry* us'd, as now you ſee,
To dreſs one like your ſelves in *Majeſty*?
No,—— *Innocence* inſtead of Velvit Robes
Wore *Fig-leaves* only; and inſtead of *Orbs*
And *Scepters*, after Ages us'd the *Spade*;
Which twixt Mankind no *diff'rent Titles* made:
They ſcorn'd to be by one commanding *Head*,
Like ſenſeleſs *Ants* and *Bees*, ſo tamely led.
In all the Torments of my *ſulph'rous Pain*,
I yet can ſmile when Subjects *Crowns* diſdain;
Therefore, let me a brave *Example* be,
For ſcorning *Univerſal Monarchy*;
O! *Maſſinello*, ſacred was thy Deed,
Which ſtately *Naples* from Oppreſſion free'd;
As glorious too was *Muntzer's* mobbiſh Rout;
And *Buckold* who Sedition preacht about:
But why do I to *Foreign Nations* fly,
For noted Inſtances of *Villany*?
When we *at home*, can bravely parallize
The greateſt Crimes which *Hell* cou'd e're Deviſe.
A *Conſecration* well the *Hand* deſerv'd,
Which poyſon'd *John*, that *Monks* might not be ſtarv'd;
Glory to *Truſſel's* Memory we ſing,
Who durſt preſume his *Sov'reign* to *unking*:
Great was the Off'ring Crook-back'd *Richard* made,
When he thro' *Henry's* Blood did boldly wade;
Dighton and *Forreſt* too, who did not dread
To ſtifle *two young Princes* in their Bed;
They, and *each Soul*, that fears not to Rebel,
Stand all Recorded in the *Liſts* of *Hell*:
But why do I thus praiſe each *Villain's* Deed,
When my *Exploit* in *Blood* does all exceed?
Witneſs my *Pow'r*, perform'd of later Time,
Uſurps the *Glory* of the greateſt Crime,
In Judging *Charles* the Firſt, and dooming Fate,
To ſtop his Breath, before his *Palace Gate*;
What *nobler Sacrifice* than that, cou'd be
A *Precedent* for future *Villany*?
For that magnanimous, heroick *Blow*
Three *Kingdoms* (with their *Head*) did overthrow.

Which

Which *noble Act* of mine does equal all
The Crimes which made *Rebellious Angels* fall;
For by that *noble Deed* I broke the *Pole*
On which the *Orb of Monarchy* did roul.
Ah! *Ravillac*'s Aſſaſſination, ye
Durſt not compare to this *Conſpiracy*,
Which for its *Worth* may claim another *Hell*,
For thoſe *Diſſenters* which ſhall next Rebel.
Ah! to my *endleſs Fame* may it be ſaid,
Sin and *Damnation* I ſo little dread,
That had our *Saviour* liv'd among us, when
His *Humane Nature* ſav'd the Sons of Men,
The curſt, perfidious *Judas* had not been
The Cauſe of our *Deliverance from Sin*;
My Braveneſs had, for leſs than *thirty Pence*,
Boldly betray'd his *ſacred Innocence*,
Nay, wou'd my ſelf upon his Perſon ſeize,
And Crucify'd him too for *Bread and Cheeſe*.
Thoſe were the *Times*! when I, brave I did ſcorn
A *Loyal Heart* my Body ſhou'd adorn;
For ſuch a glorious *Revolution* we
Uſurpt, that *Round-heads* baniſht Loyalty,
That they might not a *baſe Subjection own*,
And *Vaſſals* be to *Fools* that mount a *Throne*:
In vain the *Clergy* did *Allegiance* teach,
And *dull Obedience* to the *Rabble* Preach,
For what *Prerogative* Kings claim'd by *Law*,
We bravely deem'd to be a *ſlaviſh Awe*,
Deſpis'd by ſuch, who (*to inflame a State*)
Cou'd *Non-Reſiſtance*, not *Rebellion*, hate.
Such was my unheard, brazen'd *Impudence*,
That *Hell* yet trembles at my *Inſolence*,
For fear I there a *Power* ſhou'd aſſume,
To try the *Regents of eternal Gloom*:
And well they may, when my *preſumptuous Aim*,
Like them durſt *Civil War* with *God* proclaim,
Had I but two ſuch Tools as you and *P——ce*,
To Libel Heav'n in *Proſe*, and Factious *Verſe*.
Ah! when the *Martyr*'s *Son* was here reſtor'd,
And by the *Loyal Party* all ador'd,

How

How much concerned was my *mighty Ghoſt*,
To think our well deſerved *Glory* loſt.
When I beheld the *Crown* his Temples kiſs,
As he ſat mounted on a *Throne of Bliſs*,
And bright, *auſpicious Rev'rence* bend the Knee,
In honour to *retrieved Majeſty*;
O! then,—— I wiſht me *Humane* to prevent
The meeting of a *King* and *Parliament*,
As knowing their enacting *Penal Laws*,
Wou'd ſoon Eclipſe the *Grandeur* of our Cauſe.
A *Perſecution* quickly did deſtroy
The *teeming Hopes* of ev'ry Villain's Joy;
Regicides ſwung for lofty Wickedneſs,
And all our *Conventicles* did ſuppreſs;
Yet no *Aſſaſſin* cou'd this Change alarm,
Boldly to ſmite the *Scepter-bearing Arm*,
That yawning Death might with our *Foe* be fed,
And gorged with another *Crowned Head*.
Yes, yes, I think, when it was grown too late,
To ſtop the Stroaks of an *inveterate Fate*,
Poor *Stephen Colledge*, *Walcot*, *Rouſe*, and *Hone*,
Contriv'd to toſs their Sov'reign from his Throne;
Who unſucceſsful, their *ill-timed Plot*,
And *Memory* I almoſt had forgot,
But only reading *Criſpin*'s Calendar,
I found them Canoniz'd our *Martyrs* there.
No, no, I fear, you'll *never* ſee again
Such Times, wherein the *Mob* did not diſdain
To ſpit at *ſacred Majeſty*; the *Lords*
Compel to be ſubmitting to their *Swords*;
Then *conquering Treaſon* (reigning with *Succeſs*,
And raging with *Rebellious Wickedneſs*)
On *Mitres* trampled; ſeiz'd on *Royal Wealth*;
In *holy Veſſels* drank ſome Villain's Health;
With ſo much *pious Zeal* our Side did burn,
That *Churches* they did into Stables turn;
Pictures deface; upon a *Surplice* frown;
Pull antient *Croſſes*, with their *Altars*, down;
As for their *Liturgy* they trod upon't;
Our prancing Horſes chriſten'd at the *Font*;

And *Steeples* fired with our Cannon Balls,
Whilſt *melting Bells* ran weeping down their *Walls*.
But in the acting all this *Villany*,
Heroick Knaves! *Religion* was our Cry,
That empty, idle Name, by *Prieſt-craft* made,
To make dull Slaves of *Kings*, and *Prieſts* afraid.
Howe'er, I need not *BRAGG*, I teach you *HOW*,
To make three Kingdoms unto *Faction* bow,
When your undaunted Treaſon, from the *Preſs*,
Open Rebellion teaches, and profeſs,
In telling *Subjects* any one may crown,
And when they pleaſe, may likewiſe *pull 'em down*,
For *Pow'r* is in the *People* not the *King*,
Princes to *Thrones* it is their Right to bring;
Thus all *Prerogative* is only lent,
Whilſt they are pleaſed with their Government.
Your Doctrine's good, and *Orthodox* I vow,
I ſee what *P*———*ce* and *T*———*n* aim at now,
You mean, were *Sov'reigns* to be really good,
'Twou'd be too difficult for *Fleſh* and *Blood*,
Eſpecially to your *miſchievous Crew*,
That *Spawn of Hell*, to be unto 'em true;
Who *wonders* in diſloyal Feats have done,
And ne'er recant the Crimes of *Forty One*.
Hence hated *Loyalty* from this our *Iſle*,
No more let crowned Pow'r our *Rights* beguile;
Renowned *P*———*ce*, and *T*———*n*, Sons of Fame,
The very firſt-born Children too of *Shame*,
Proceed in your *magnanimous Deſign*:
Succeed, or not, the *Glory* ſtill is thine:
Maugre the quart'ring at the *Triple-Tree*,
In *Hell* your *Merits* will rewarded be;
Where *Oliver* continually does ſwear,
If ever he to'ards *Heaven* ſhou'd repair,
He won'd the *Martyr'd Monarch* there dethrone,
And all immortal Sov'reignty diſown;
Nay act a *Crime* (tho' in th' Attempt he fell)
Which ſhou'd obtain ſome greater *Plague* than *Hell*.

FINIS.

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